

Life

10¢

May 24, 1929



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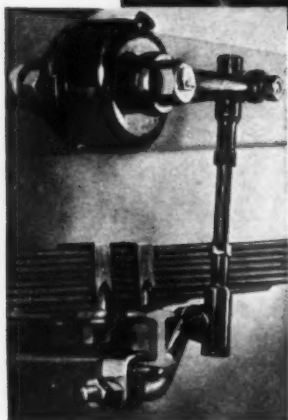
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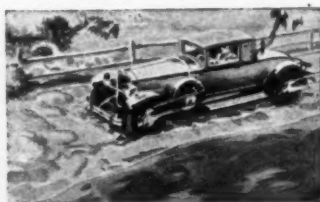
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SHOCK ABSORBERS

*For the Smoothest Ride
over the Roughest Roads
to Anywhere*



Life in Washington

Did you see how in the last minute of play Owen Young picked up the Reparations Conference after the Allies had fumbled it and is racing fifty-eight annuities to a touchdown?

Actually, Young's new scheme is a little better than the face-saving play the signals called for. What he proposes is a plan which may work for the next five years or so. By reducing the French and British shares in the proceeds he has also neatly shifted from Berlin responsibility for a possible failure. If the Allies accept, I suppose we'll go into a huddle and I await the loud yells of "Shylock!" which will greet any modest attempt to prevent our being the goat.

I haven't yet seen the new Tariff Bill but from all accounts its publication marks the opening of a good old-fashioned tariff fight. We haven't had one since the Payne-Aldrich episode in the Taft inter-regnum and they are such fun! The House Bill is more or less what Hoover wants, so the Senate is lining up with blackjacks, bludgeons, brass knuckles and shillelaghs and by the time the Finance Committee is through with it, the President will be wondering whether there isn't something to be said for Mussolini.

The Senate, of course, is engaged in hunting cautiously for a weak spot in Hoover's popularity. For example, after Mr. Mellon has been Secretary of the Treasury for only eight years, the Senate is suddenly smitten with Constitutional doubts as to his eligibility and is investigating the incredible rumor that he owns some stock in the Aluminum Company. Again, the President having debunked Export Debentures, the Senate has shown an abrupt passion for that peculiar system of subsidizing grain shippers and importers in the name of Farm Relief.

After a brief armistice, the Social War is raging again. The Washington Post paid off an obscure grudge against the Belgian Ambassador by jubilantly and prematurely announcing his recall. Mr. Stimson issues a public apology for the Post's bad manners.

And Alice Longworth allegedly refused to accept an invitation to an entertainment at which Mrs. Gann was to have precedence. As wife of the Speaker of the House, and also as a Roosevelt born, Mrs. Longworth's social rights are not lightly to be set aside.

—J. F.



Life



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LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Vice-President*

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"My sweetheart's the man in the moon."



"Now will they stop hollering about one arm driving. Supposing we hadn't been holding hands!"

24,493,124 motor vehicles registered in the United States, it is reported. That figure must be inaccurate; we're sure we counted more than that at the ferry last Sunday.

NEWSPAPER MAN'S CURSE—May all your children be tabloid editors.

This would be a much nicer world if a man's pipe wouldn't go out when he stops puffing on it to do a little whistling.

Simile

Exchanging wives or husbands for new ones is like exchanging old cars for new ones. Before you make the exchange you find out what you can get on the old one.

About every six months a good housewife cleans out the medicine cabinet so that her husband may have a place to keep his shaving things for a few days.

The chief criticism of artificial bait for fishing is that very often it mistakes the seat of your trousers for a trout.

A tree will stand beside a road without making a move for sixty or seventy years, and then one day it will suddenly jump in front of an auto.

The height of illegibility—a doctor's prescription written with a post-office pen on a train.

Girls nowadays must be lean to be appreciated.

FIRST DRY SNOOPER: Let's raid just one more place tonight.

SECOND: No, we've had plenty for one night.



LOVE SICK YOUTH: Durn her! I'd jump off that dock and drown myself, but I don't think I can make it!

The Young Idea

"It seems only yesterday that Flossie was just a little thing, and now she's murdered her husband!"

"Yep, these girls shoot up before you know it."

When starting in to paint old furniture, get an extra can of paint to finish off the few spots on the floor you miss.

If you walk in your sleep it is a splendid time to go out and have your teeth fixed.

If the crazy names they paint over the doors of summer cottages won't keep the mosquitoes away, nothing will.

It is easy to imagine Lindbergh's wife saying, "No, he didn't say whether he was going to Los Angeles or to New York, but he will be back for dinner."

RAMONA: What's a Grecian Urn?

CHIQUITA: Oh, about \$25 a week unless he owns the restaurant.

In the theatre district you cannot park your car and have it too.

Nowadays two pints make one quit.



"Yoo hoo. Do you mind grabbing my little Sidney's balloon on the way down?"



Mrs. Phatt uses two caddies, one for the ball and the other for the stick.

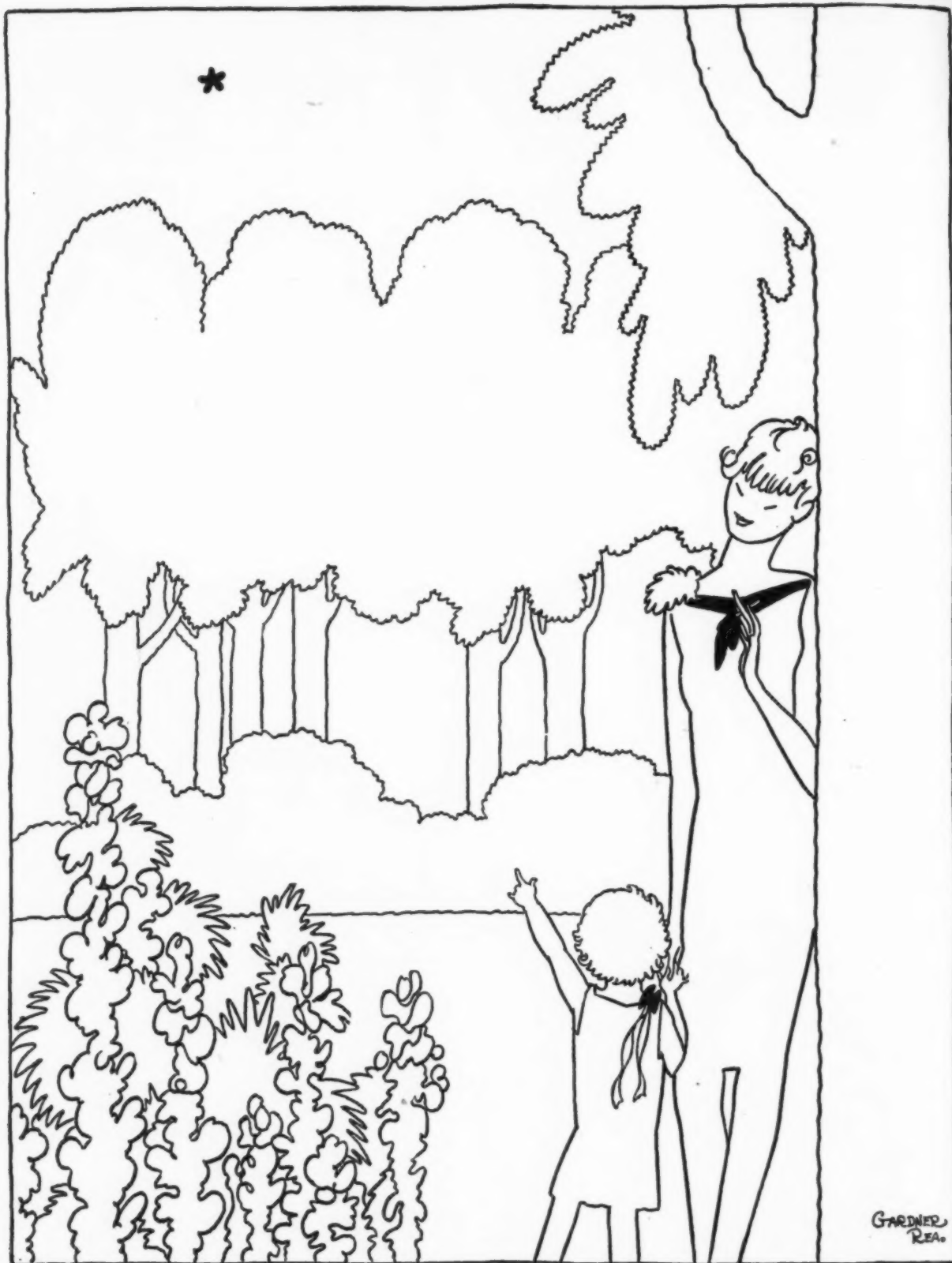
Week-end Equipment

For That Little Bungalow On Lake Scitcheopeow.

One Ukulele
Two Dozen Oranges
Three Quarts Gin
One Return Ticket.

"So you're devoted to the movie industry?"

"I've given the best yeahs of my life to it."

GARDNER
REA

"Ooh, mummy, look! Good Housekeeping's approved of God!"



Short Stories of Life



Second Verdict

By Charles G. Booth

As the jury filed in, Allison, the attorney for the defense, lifted his eyes to the defendant. The girl clung to them and, out of the desperation in his own heart, he gave her again that encouraging smile which had meant so much to her the past few days.

Her response was as quick as the blue white play of Summer lightning. She was all gold and sunlight, thought Allison, like a bit of peachblow porcelain become alive. It seemed incredible that this sweet, innocent girl sat there with a murder charge hanging over her head.

It was Jimmy Allison's first case, and he had taken it voluntarily.

this knowledge had been a revelation to the crowds that jammed the courtroom every day. As he looked at the pale, smiling girl he realized that nothing had ever meant so much in his life as the words the jury would speak in another minute.

The court was addressing the jury. "Have you arrived at a verdict?"

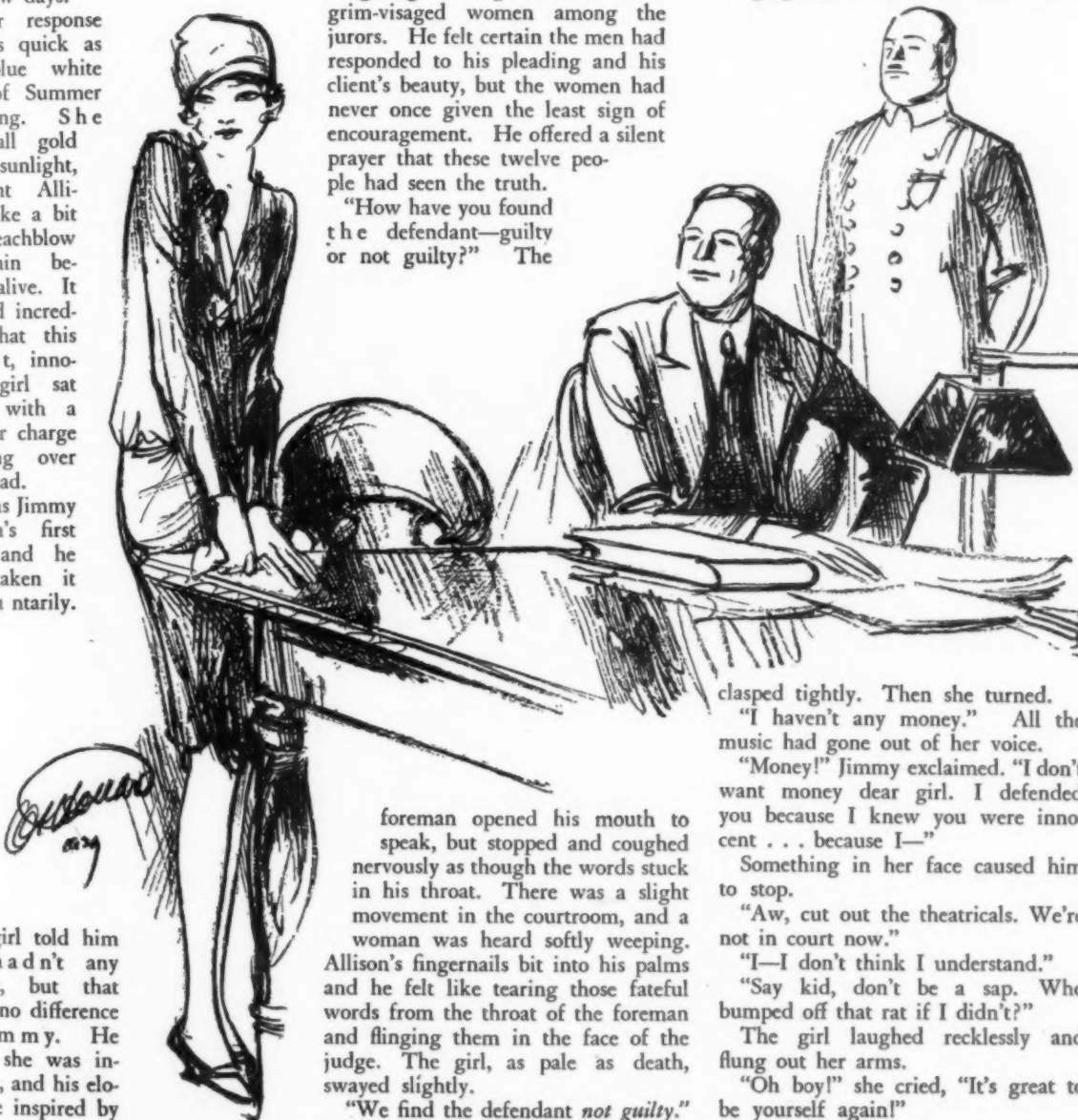
"We have," the foreman answered.

Jimmy's heart went sick with misgiving as he gazed at the four grim-visaged women among the jurors. He felt certain the men had responded to his pleading and his client's beauty, but the women had never once given the least sign of encouragement. He offered a silent prayer that these twelve people had seen the truth.

"How have you found the defendant—guilty or not guilty?" The

She turned to Jimmy, eyes swimming with tears of relief and gratitude, and as he stumbled forward he felt her hands catch and caress his. Congratulations were ignored as he hurried the girl from the courtroom. His one desire was to have her back in his little office where he could tell her everything that was in his heart.

In a few minutes they were alone, and she stood before a small mirror arranging her hair. He waited, hands



The girl told him she hadn't any money, but that made no difference to Jimmy. He knew she was innocent, and his eloquence inspired by

foreman opened his mouth to speak, but stopped and coughed nervously as though the words stuck in his throat. There was a slight movement in the courtroom, and a woman was heard softly weeping. Allison's fingernails bit into his palms and he felt like tearing those fateful words from the throat of the foreman and flinging them in the face of the judge. The girl, as pale as death, swayed slightly.

"We find the defendant *not guilty*."

clasped tightly. Then she turned.

"I haven't any money." All the music had gone out of her voice.

"Money!" Jimmy exclaimed. "I don't want money dear girl. I defended you because I knew you were innocent . . . because I—"

Something in her face caused him to stop.

"Aw, cut out the theatricals. We're not in court now."

"I—I don't think I understand."

"Say kid, don't be a sap. Who bumped off that rat if I didn't?"

The girl laughed recklessly and flung out her arms.

"Oh boy!" she cried, "It's great to be yourself again!"



"I'll hop on in the next block, dear—I'm going for a hair-cut."

Life's Little Ironies

"I want a tube of Septoblah tooth-paste."

"Yes, sir, and what else, sir? Shaving soap, razor blades, hair tonic, bath salts, thermos bottle, shaving lotion, dental floss, nail polish, water wings, corn—"

"Nothing else. Just a tube of Septoblah tooth-paste."

"—corn plasters, milk of magnesia, bath soap, electric toaster, flashlight, talcum powder, insect exterminator—"

"A tube of Septoblah tooth-paste."

"Yes, sir, and what else, sir?"

"Just a tube of—what are you wrapping there? I only want one tube."

"This is our daily Extraordinary Special Offer, sir: Three tubes of Septoblah tooth-paste, our Jumbo Delight Self Ventilating Coffee Percolator and a jar of orange marmalade—all for eighty-nine cents."

"But I don't want all that furniture. I want one tube of Septoblah tooth-paste—just one tube."

"Certainly, sir and what else, sir?"

—Robert Lord.

Jumping at Conclusions

Note—When reading a story that breaks over to another page, include the "continued" line with the last line and see what you get!

Their words were pregnant with mayhem, but their natural antipathy toward each other continued on page 183. —Saturday Evening Post.

I simply cannot stand for the sort of lie continued on page 102. —Saturday Evening Post.

The new warden was continued on page 138. —Saturday Evening Post.

She wore a frock of some material which appeared black except where continued on page 42. —Colliers.

You have two days to be continued next week. —Colliers.

And there was a girl though her teeth continued on next page. —Liberty.

Miss Cissy was half way across the pavement. She was continued on next page. —Liberty.

Jump at one yourself! Life will pay five dollars for each one printed. Send them to the Conclusion Editor, Life, 598 Madison Ave., New York. Conclusions must be clipped from newspaper or magazine.



Pikerl



"It's useless, Frederick—nothing can move me!"



PROWLER: No use! I can't get in. This darn pup keeps chasin' me away!



"I'm sorry, father, but I've joined the milk-maids' Union and the uniform is compulsory."

To a Lad in the Apartment Above

You're a pesky jigger—
Sonny Boy!
You've got too much vigor—
Sonny Boy!
Stamping on the ceiling
When the dawn comes stealing
You commence your squealing—
Sonny Boy!
How the neighbors love you—
Sonny Boy!
(Those that live above you)—
Sonny Boy!
Dad and ma display you,
As a dove portray you—
I would gladly slay you—
Sonny Boy!

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

Grape juice would sell as well as ginger ale if it could get up enough ambition to greet you when you open the bottle.



*"Always makin' me wipe my feet! If I had my life to live over again
I wouldn't have any parents!"*

Then there was the Scot who got married because he won a trip to Niagara Falls in a newspaper contest.

Don't be fooled by these "Incidental Songs" that the Vitaphone has introduced; they're not as bad as they theme.

"I'm at my wit's end," chortled the editor as he sat at the bedside of the dying gag man.

USE LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE



LOCK HAVEN, Pa.—Robert Miller, seventeen years old, is spending twenty-five days in jail because he went fishing on Sunday in violation of Pennsylvania's age-old blue laws. Miller was sentenced under the summary conviction law.

CHICAGO—Mrs. Jane Elizabeth McLaughlin had her hair bobbed and got a "permanent" today to celebrate in the modern manner her ninety-second birthday. It was a definite gesture indorsing her rule of life: "Live with high ideals and go along with the young folks and you'll never grow old."

NEW YORK—According to Dr. Edward E. Free, New York scientist, mechanics constitute the most intelligent class of the nation. Next come engineers and technical men, with business men third. Actors, physicians, ministers and professors rank lowest, excluding the large class of morons.

CINCINNATI—"There will be no liquor at the meeting of the Associated Harvard Clubs," says Chairman C. T. Greve. "A Harvard man who violates the Volstead act is a betrayer of the Crimson as well as his country, and it is ridiculous to believe that any Harvard man would do it."

HOLLYWOOD—Filmdom has created a new profession—that of professional insulter.

The "insulter" is hired by someone who wants to humiliate a film rival or other person who has given cause for offense, and his hunting ground is at a dinner party or some other social function.

Two men, it is stated, are earning excellent fees in the new work. They may be seen, for instance, disguised as waiters correcting the guests' table manners.

WASHINGTON—The Weather Bureau reports that tornadoes are caused by currents of hot air. *If this were really so, the Capitol would have been torn to pieces years ago.*

DES MOINES, Iowa—After three men had claimed they became intoxicated on 5-and-10-cent store purchases, County Attorney Alfred Adams ordered confiscated 1,500 dime bottles of bay rum in Des Moines stores.

NIAGARA FALLS—Tony Capruti, of Hoboken, N. J., placed a long distance call for the White House, intending to ask President Hoover to repeal the prohibition amendment. The call was never completed, because Capruti was arrested for intoxication.

WASHINGTON—Special wiring of the White House to facilitate the presentation of sound pictures has been undertaken.

RICHMOND, Va.—Motorists have complained to Commissioner Shirley about the so-called religious signs along the state highways. They object to depressing sentiments like "Prepare to meet your God," "Death is on thy track," etc.

KANSAS CITY, Mo.—After 234 starts, a district court in Logan County, Kan., has convicted its first liquor law violator. The result was so unusual that Judge Ruppenthal notified W. A. Smith, attorney general, and Governor Clyde M. Reed.

CHICAGO—William Hoke made a good income for two years by slipping on banana peels in business houses, and collecting damages ranging from \$50 to \$800. He was not caught until his forty-fifth slip.

CHICAGO—Martin Fitzpatrick, the prohibition agent who recently led a righteous drive against bootlegging hotel boys, has been arrested. He is charged with driving an automobile while intoxicated.

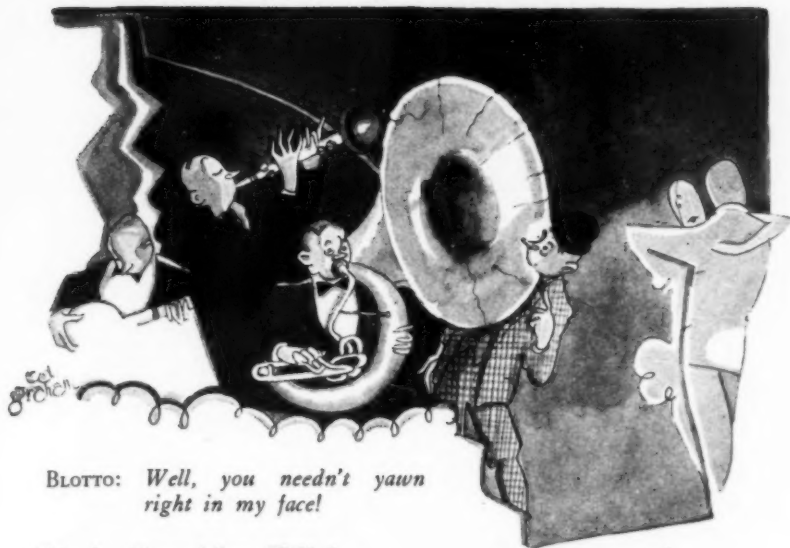
LOS ANGELES—Louise and Lucy Young, twins, are the wives of Byrl and Earl, also twins. They had a double wedding two months ago and a joint honeymoon. Now the twin wives are seeking divorces.

NEW YORK—Following an anonymous tip on the schooner "Ernestine," prohibition agents used axes and crowbars in a thorough search, breaking bulkheads and chopping through a concrete deck. Nothing was found. The agents apologized and withdrew.

BOSTON—Dr. Stidger of Copley Church astonished his congregation by saying: "I have always longed to be a burglar. Whenever I read about a robbery, I think what a thrill I could get as a second-story worker, and I long to go out and crack a safe. It is pathetic not to be able to be what your soul desires."

NEW YORK—Hattie Campbell won't start serving her prison sentence for a week because of a permanent wave. When she and her husband were sentenced to from two and a half to five years imprisonment for a recent holdup, the judge granted her request for a stay so she could have her hair waved.

LYNN—Mayor Bauer put the ban on all billboard posters showing women smoking cigarettes, when he ordered the removal of a big poster on Broad street which pictures a young girl and a sailor both with their heads together, both of them smoking cigarettes and obviously advertising the use of cigarettes among women.



BLOTTO: Well, you needn't yawn right in my face!

Little Rambles With Serious Thinkers

If a man is going abroad for business or pleasure, I think it does not cut much ice whether the ship is wet or dry.

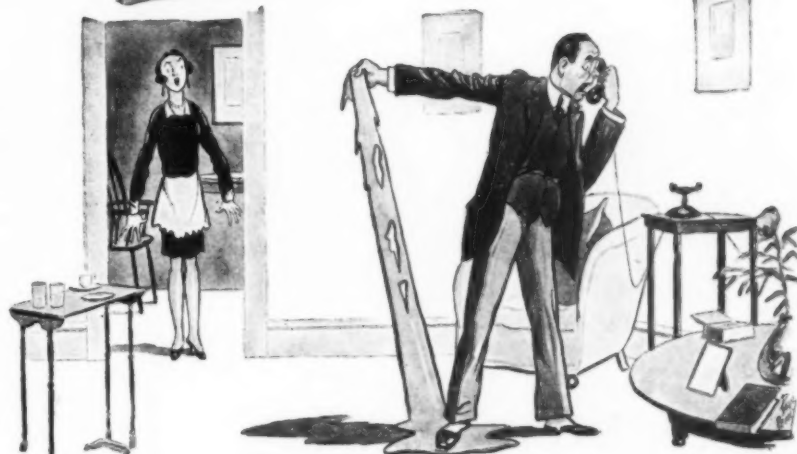
—Bishop James R. Cannon.

When a girl goes into business, she should leave sex behind her.

—Dorothy Dix.

The men should recognize the fact that the reasoning capacity of the women is but slightly above that of the children.

—A. B. See.



THE WELSH RAREBIT.

"Hello, Thomas Edison? I just want to tell you that your search for a rubber substitute is now over."



"My dear—you must come—it's a relative of Henry's, and their funerals are simply screaming."

It may be that black savages have admirable traits, but I am sure they are not so agreeable or trustworthy, and certainly not so interesting as any number of men and women I know in New Haven, Conn.

—William Lyon Phelps.

"The premature aging of buildings in America," said my friend Van Wyck Brooks, "is the saddest thing in America."

—Sherwood Anderson.

Every Californian, as he crosses the state line, thanks God for California.

—Herbert Hoover.

Handshaking should be abolished, since it means nothing and spreads germs.

—Arthur Brisbane.

I've never met a Southerner who was not at heart a perfect Republican.

—Heywood Broun.

There is certainly a great deal to be said against the theory that women should only be seen and heard on the domestic hearth.

—G. K. Chesterton.

It is one of woman's ancient privileges to be knocked about. They like it.

—Beverly Nichols.

Why not reach for a Bible instead of a smoke?

—Rev. Russell M. Brouger.



The high fly.



LONDON—A member of Parliament is aroused by the showing of American talkies here. He fears that the speech of British children will be corrupted with vulgar Americanisms and intonations, and has officially warned the Board of Education.

STAMBOUL—America's development of the talking moving pictures is causing much anxiety among Turkish movie fans on the ground that their favorite films have always been American, but that now the best American films will be talkies and hence unintelligible here.

HAVANA—The use of American silver dollars for floor tiling for a newly opened bar, raised a loud clamor from the Havana Post, American Legion, and a formal protest from the Embassy. The English owner of the bar, one H. H. Stanley, thought the bright silver a grand decoration and a compliment to his American customers, but the Vets called it "Desecration of the American Eagle," and demanded that they be glassed over or dug up. They were dug up.

BERLIN—Dr. Marion Horton of New York, lecturing here before the League of German Academical Women, said the increase of divorces in the United States indicated not so much a weakening in the sense of responsibility among women as an increasing intellectual and physical emancipation.

PARIS—The camel glide, a new dance, has taken Paris by storm, replacing the Charleston. A nice, gentle, polite dance is the camel glide, more like a Viennese waltz than a glide. Dancing professors say it will restore modesty to the dance floors.

LONDON—Major Christopher Stone sprang a surprise on an audience in London by producing a freak gramophone which played records backwards.

Corto, the pianist, with a Chopin Prelude, gave an organ-like effect, and a record by Mr. Shaw sounded like an excited Russian.

LONDON—The chances against prohibition in Great Britain are four hundred to one, according to the rates at which Lloyd's, insurance group, is issuing policies.

MONTREAL, Que.—A church may employ modern methods of publicity, provided they be dignified as well as effective, says the Rev. Gerald McShane, pastor of St. Patrick's Church here, without the sacrifice of the holiness of the church's purpose. *Reach for a Bible.*

NUNEATON, Eng.—If you would become a member of the Anti-Scandal Club, founded by the Rev. Frank Melville, vicar of Exhall, you must take an oath either to speak well of people or to remain silent. Before being enrolled as full members, applicants undergo a probation to test whether they are strong enough to keep the rules.

LONDON—At a meeting of a suburban council the speeches were limited by a sand-glass, which emptied in ten minutes.

The beauty of this device is that if a speaker gets excited and thumps the table with his fist the sand runs through much more quickly.



"Hey, officer! What does your speedometer say?"



Mr. Pipp

No. 14

The slumber hour.





The suburban smoker.

licious-sounding that I, who am afraid even to light a gas stove, am inspired to learn to prepare them myself, albeit Sam, hearing my decision, did thank God it was no enterprise which required the purchase of a course of tickets or a special outfit of clothing. Demanding whatever pence he might have upon him, he did express his mystification at my passionate hoarding of copper coins, and I could think of no rejoinder save that some day I may go again to Naples and require suitable alms for the harbour divers. Lay abed, pondering whether, now that the season of open windows is upon us, there should not be a statute requiring all radio operators in the same zone to get identical stations at certain hours, and then Laura Jennings for luncheon, whereat she ate escalloped halibut, spiced beet salad, popovers and a fruit flummery, whilst I enjoyed the lima bean debauch on which I have set my heart and mathematical ability for days. L. confiding, after she had quaffed modestly of the wine cup which accompanied her meal, that she felt like going out and pushing over a bus, I did caution her not to shop this day for the wedding present she had come to town to buy, mindful of the Christmas season when, after two mild Martinis, she had set forth and spent on her friends four times the sum she had intended to lay out. Nor did I think it wise to get up a bridge game for her, neither, since after a thimbleful of any spirituous liquor soever, thirteen indifferent cards look to her like a slam bid, and the

(Continued on Page 31)

Mrs. Pep's Diary

by
Baird
Leonard

MAY 1—Protesting roundly at the appearance of coffee on my breakfast tray, when I do usually take tea, but Samuel did enjoin me to sample it, forasmuch as he had made it himself from the steeping-formula in "Food and How to Cook It," which Mistress Helen Wells did lately co-write and send me from California, and Lord! it was the first decent cup of the beverage I have tasted since visiting A. Doods years ago, and so cheered me that I could rise superior to the deluge of April bills, which contrast so strangely with May-baskets. Moreover, the menus in this book so de-



BLOTTO: *Really, Joe, you oughta get a haircut!*



Intimate Moments with Famous People.

New York Life



Odd's Bodkins!

HERE'S where we burst right into Odd McIntyre's department and show our public (all three of them) what a dramatic critic should be . . . all of which leads up to a little private raving which we wish to do, and which we note in these same pages that the estimable Odd already has done in a small way, about a big hit called "The Little Show" . . . this modest little wow at the *Music Box* proves conclusively the age-old theory that brain is mightier than one hundred and twenty pounds of undraped female brawn, and also that funny revues can be written without depending entirely on humorous weeklies.



them the idea of a theme song for their business; namely "Hammacher-Schlemmer, I Love You" . . . here-with is Howard Dietz' epic.

When I was but a little lad
Before I lived to ten
I had a streak of something bad
But that, oh that, was then.
Now I've grown to be a man
I've grown to man's estate
And something's come into my life
That's fine—that's more than great.
Then came the war (bugle)
And with all the rest

That came from north, east, south and west
I went and tried to do my best
'Twas love that made me stand the test

Oh, yes, I did my best 'tis true
But did no more than you would do.

I was inspired by something big
By something that was real and fine and true

You've often heard the phrase, I suppose

Ten little fingers, ten little toes.
They came to me and I was proud
I told my luck to all the crowd
I told them that the boy who'd been a lad

Had grown to be a father, yes, a dad
Supporting a beautiful wonderful wife
With a salary from a firm that gave me life

So always remember
Hammacher - Schlemmer, I love you.

Little But Oh My!

The *Little Show* makes *Charlot's Revue* look like the second act of *Strange Interlude* and again proves that Americans can be just as brilliant, clever, charming and subtle as their English cousins . . . three loud cheers now, fellas, for the red, white and blue!

Exhibit A.

For *Exhibit A*, take the "Theme Song" sketch . . . the author of the movie theme songs "Redskin, I Love You," "Woman Disputed, I Love You," "Shopworn Angel, I Love You," etc. addresses the directors of the Hammacher-Schlemmer Co. and sells

"Moanin' Low"



No Parking

Then there's the deaf and dumb one-act play, interpreted by *Fred Allen*, in which the young father is about to leave for the drug store to procure spirits of nitre for the baby . . . the poor mother tells him that that same night thirty years ago her father had left the house on the same errand and had never been seen since . . . suddenly in walks Grand-pop and it seems that he had been looking for a place to park!



Clifton Webb

High Spots

Odd has already spoken of "The Still Alarm," *George Kaufman's* former *Dutch Treat* show hit, but in adjusting his Inverness coat he overlooked several others . . . the "High Finance" sketch with a couple of bums, a street cleaner and a policeman talking the "market" and singing "Money is Easier Now." . . . *Fred Allen's* ren-

dition of "Old Black Joe" with *Eugene O'Neill* "asides" . . . the high spot of the evening called "Napoleon" which threatens to bring a hitherto unused slang word into popular favor . . . *Libby Holman's* "Moanin' Low" song, the "Song of The Riveter" and last but not least *Herman Hupfeld's* "Hut in Hoboken," which had the audience beery eyed.

Manna-About-Town

The "Little Show" at the *Music Box* (Say, what does this bird do, get a rake-off?) . . . the *Dance Marathon* at the *Garden* . . . the *Casanova Roof*, where you can see the moonshine . . . *Irene Delroy* coming out of the *Park Central* . . . new invention which fits in the vest pocket and tests liquor—turns green if liquor is good, blue if bad . . . the worms are gradually turning . . . many people now coming out of hotels and night clubs ignore gyp taxies parked in front and "hail their own" . . . after reading *Winchell's* dope on *Baird Leonard* we suggest he change the name of his column to "Cradle of The Deep" . . . there are some pretty big kids playing



"The Song of the Riveter"

around *Eighth Avenue* who can't remember when that thoroughfare wasn't torn up. . . . *Peggy Cayle* is knocking them over at the *Richman Club* . . . a new "find" of *George Olsen's*.

Knickerbocker Jr.

"The Still Alarm"



Theatre • by O. O. McIntyre



A SPARKLING revue, modestly tagged "The Little Show," slipped into town for the summer trade and if the equine guffaws of LIFE's new boy and an expansive country-jake nearby with a diamond pronged Elk button have critical significance it will be here quite a spell.

"The Little Show" was my dish thirty seconds after the lift of the curtain for it was at that precise second they shot the master of ceremonies and proceeded to careen crazily along with the zip of a runaway buggy down Main street.

The featured players are Clifton Webb and Fred Allen. Mr. Webb has heretofore been chiefly identified as a professional society dancer in night clubs with a flair for meticulously adjusted white tie ends and a face that somehow suggested a smacking.

As one of this feather footed guild, his property smile always had the aloof air of polite disgust but in his new rôle he seemed to unbend and become quite a fellow. It would have been all right, however, if his introduction had not been stressed with sly reference to his rich blue blood. From the sixth row he looked a trifle anaemic. If it were not for my rickets, I'd match him corpuscle for corpuscle myself.

Yet Mr. Webb easily carried off the evening's honors. Had he been a London importation with a really-old-thing drawl, ballyhooed in the manner of Jack Buchanan and Noel Coward, he would likely become the Rialto's favorite fop. He sings and dances expertly and has a languorous poise that is engaging.

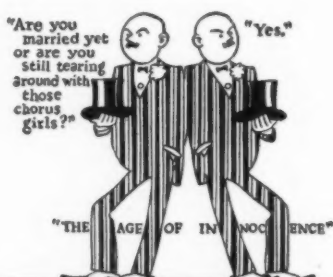
The head roysterer, Fred Allen, is a



dead pan comic with the nasal nuance of a Bangor undertaker, but after a time his voice suggests a slate pencil drawn through clenched teeth. His métier is the galloping gag—the wise-crack—and he clips them off fortissimo in contrast to Mr. Webb's Olympian overtures.

He is out of the variety halls but if his first-night reception is a criterion he will not be "laying 'em out in the aisles in Altoona" until after quilting time at least.

Romney Brent was not a featured player but might well be. He is one



of the Garrick Gaieties "finds" and his performance was as slick as Mr. Webb's ever-present silk hat.

There were several hilarious skits and one called "The Still Alarm" actually drew a laugh from the orchestra, no skimpy achievement I vow. It concerned the savoir faire of two blasé gentlemen on the eleventh floor of a burning hotel.

This was the handiwork of the bushily pompadoured George S. Kaufman, once a newspaperman himself, and touches a high pinnacle of utter idiocy. The firemen sent up their cards, were admitted after the room was tidied up, everybody ordered ice water, sat around fanning themselves and discussed abstruse topics—noting now and then that the floor was getting hotter and hotter.

Those who thought Mr. Cochran's London revue "This Year of Grace" displayed such tasty economy should see Jo Mielziner's far superior settings. And Mr. Allen's quip "You can't go wrong in calicoes" was strikingly evi-

denced in the simple costume designs by Miss Ruth Brenner.

"The Little Show" is big entertainment. See it!

Henry Hull is the "hull show"—we can keep you hysterical this way for hours—in "Congratulations." The play was written by Morgan Wallace who turns out to be Mr. Hull himself. The main character in the play is named Morgan Wallace and he is also Mr. Hull himself. Intriguing, no end! Also your Cousin Quinnie's wrist warmers!

Mr. Hull plays the rôle of a stranded actor in a jay town who is induced by the horse flies to become a dummy candidate for mayor. A handsome devil, he is, surprise! surprise! fairly swept into office by the ladies.

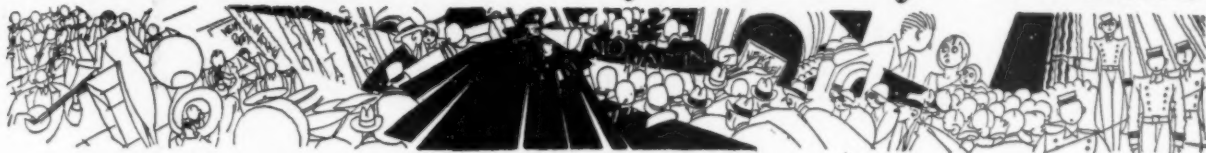
That is the plot in the well known nut shell and out of it are dragged some kernels of satire but it leaves only—there we go again!—the "hull."

Morris Gest, after the customary exchange of extravagant trade lasts with his papa-in-law David Belasco, produced the Freiberg Passion Play at the ancient Hippodrome. Mr. Gest has a penchant for importing sure fire European successes and running around town wringing his hands about some dastardly court injunction or sniffing all over the lobby on opening night.

He is that sort of an old time showman but a pretty good one withal as his latest venture proves. "The Passion Play" is a magnificent spectacle, if you care for spectacles. Personally I prefer the parlor stereopticon.



Movies • by Harry Evans



"Bulldog Drummond"

WHILE dozens of former movie stars are sulking in the patios of their Hollywood mansions and lispng curses against the talkies, Ronald Colman is blessing the smart men who made it possible for the human voice to be heard on the screen. Having admired Mr. Colman for the sincerity of his work in the silent drama, we are pleased to report that his performance in "Bulldog Drummond" establishes him as the most convincing and agreeable talkie star this reviewer has heard. You should see Mr. Colman in this if you haven't. It's a swell picture.

The tale is about a romantic young Englishman who aids an American girl in her struggle to rescue her wealthy uncle from the power of an unscrupulous doctor and his accomplices who attempt to gain the rich man's fortune through the use of illegal medical practice. The action threatens to become a bit ugly at times, but just when the doctor is about to commit some particularly unpleasant deed, Mr. Colman pops up and thwarts the wretch. Some of this rescue work may not be exactly practical, but if you use a little imagination you may find it quite enjoyable.

An impressive feature is the intelligent manner in which the sound ef-

fects have been handled. Whether it is rain dripping, a motor running, or a voice singing below stairs, the sound is regulated and recorded with accuracy and conviction; and particularly convincing is the effect obtained when Scotch is poured into a glass. The reaction of the audience was instantaneous and unmistakable—one portly gentleman in our aisle being moved to the point of giving vent to a loud groan.

The comedy is amusingly presented and shows the adroit touch of Director F. Richard Jones, who formerly specialized in feature length comedy supervision. Most of the laughs are taken care of by Claude Allister who is very entertaining as an ultra-British type.

Joan Bennett, who plays opposite Mr. Colman, is a delicately beautiful young lady who looks just like the sort of girl who would need the helping hand of a dependable man like Mr. Colman. Miss Bennett does not become as animated as one might expect under certain dangerous conditions, but she is charming to the eye and knows how to speak lines. Lilyan Tashman has one of those rare female voices that can register every letter in the alphabet, and she gives a splendid performance as a beautiful blonde with lots of sex-appeal and no principles. Lawrence Grant and Montague Love are

convincingly disagreeable as the two crooks.

Mr. Samuel Goldwyn deserves credit for producing this excellent movie, and we recommend it without reservation.

"The Desert Song"

The Warner Brothers, those hardy pioneers of the screen who first started the movies raving and ranting, have done another pioneering job and are now presenting the first operetta that has been filmed in its entirety for the talkies. The result is not highly satisfactory, but it at least blazes the trail for the timid producers who may follow after and profit by the mistakes the Warners have made.

The excellent photography in "The Desert Song" furnishes some of the most beautiful desert scenes that have ever been screened. However, the effectiveness of these shots is one of the disturbing elements of the picture, because the realism created is in direct conflict with the theatrical atmosphere of the singing scenes. For instance, one moment you see a gang of Arabs riding over the sands hell bent on death and destruction, and the next they are shown in a typical stage interior humming tenor accompaniments while the lovers sing ditties at each other. Producers of future screen op-

(Continued on Page 32)



"Have a heart, officer, there's a green speculator trying to sell Texas Guinan two tickets to a flop for \$28."

Confidential Guide



Drama

APPEARANCES. *Mansfield*—Worse plays have run several months. Written by a colored bell hop.

★*BIRD IN HAND. Morosco.* \$3.85—English class-consciousness as seen by John Drinkwater.

★*BROTHERS. Forty-eighth Street.* \$3.00—Sat. \$3.85—John Henry Mears went around the world, then for a thrill produced this, with Bert Lytell as star.

CARNIVAL. *Forrest*—The thwarted love life of a stomach dancer with Norman Foster getting the usual tough break.

★*COURAGE. Ritz.* \$3.85—Kiddies and Jane Beecher plucking the heart strings.

★*HARLEM. Times Square.* \$3.00—Rousing drama of life in Darkest Harlem.

★*JOURNEY'S END. Henry Miller.* \$3.00—A philosophic play of the trenches and about the best thing in town. All-English.

★*MAN'S ESTATE. Biltmore.* \$3.00—Sat. \$3.85—A Guild play well guilded.

★*MIMA. Belasco.* \$5.50—A mechanistic monody, whatever that may be. La Ulric emotes.

★*STRANGE INTERLUDE. John Golden.* \$5.50—It is still here.

★*STREET SCENE. Playhouse.* \$3.85—Sat. \$4.40—A tenement during twenty-four hours and magnificent drama.

★*THE AGE OF INNOCENCE. Empire.* \$4.40—Back to the corset days with Miss Cornell as the leading corsetiere.

★*THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE. Martin Beck*—Some first rate moments with Miriam Hopkins.

★*THE LOVE DUEL. Barrymore.* \$3.85—Sat. \$4.40—Miss Barrymore flees with her chee-ild to St. Moritz with Louis Calhern pursuing. Well presented hoke.

THE PASSION PLAY. *Hippodrome*—Reviewed in this issue.

THE PERFECT ALIBI. *Charles Hopkins*—It is neat and interesting.

Comedy

★*CAPRICE. Guild.* \$3.00—Sat. \$3.85—Lynn and Alfred in a nice way.

★*HOLIDAY. Plymouth.* \$3.85—A peep beneath the upper crust and Hope Williams with her Bowery walk, does a good job of withering snootiness.

★*JONESY. Bijou.* \$3.00—Sat. \$3.85—Adolescent stuff that will make you young again. And it has Nydia Westman. Also Donald Meek and Spring Byington.

★*KIBITZER. Royale.* \$3.00—Sat. \$3.85—That fine actor Edward Robinson in a pinochle theme.

★*LET US BE GAY. Little.* \$4.40—Sophisticated carryings on at a Long Island house party with Francine Larrimore in one of her best rôles.

★*LITTLE ACCIDENT. Ambassador.* \$3.00—Sat. \$3.85—Keats Spead laughed himself into a headache and he's a hard-boiled audience.

★*MEET THE PRINCE. Lyceum.* \$3.85—Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis in one of Milne's good ones.

★*MRS. BUMPSTEAD-LEIGH. Klaw.* \$3.00—Mrs. Fiske crashing English society. Elegant.

★*MY GIRL FRIDAY. Republic.* \$3.00—They almost censored this.

★*SKIDDING. Bayes.* \$3.00—It has confounded critics with quite a run.

Eye and Ear

★*BLACKBIRDS. Eltinge.* \$3.85—Sat. \$4.40—All-colored revue in its second year.

★*FOLLOW THRU. Forty-sixth Street.* \$5.50—Sat. \$6.60—Golf to music with Zelma O'Neal cutting capers.

★*HELLO DADDY. Erlanger.* \$4.40—A musical dish with Lew Fields stirring.

★*HOLD EVERYTHING. Broadhurst.* \$5.50—They are all imitating the Bert Lahr of this one. Some fun! Some fun!

★*LADY FINGERS. Liberty.* \$4.40—Sat. \$4.95—A pickpocket laughs himself out of many scrapes. And you laugh with him. Eddie Buzzell stars.

MESSIN' AROUND. *Hudson*—Another all-colored revue. Reviewed later.

★*MUSIC IN MAY. Casino.* \$5.50—A tuneful show for a warm evening.

★*NEW MOON. Imperial.* \$5.50—Sat. \$6.60—Swell, music with old New Orleans as the locale.

★*PLEASURE BOUND. Majestic.* \$5.50—Phil Baker and Jack Pearl make any show worth while.

★*SPRING IS HERE. Alvin.* \$5.50—Well, there's Glenn Hunter. Also good tunes and a few laughs.

★*THE LITTLE SHOW. Music Box.* \$4.40—Sat. \$5.50—Reviewed in this issue.

★*THE RED ROBE. Jolson's.* \$5.50—Operetta with Walter Woolf and worth anybody's evening.

★*WHOOPEE. New Amsterdam.* \$6.60—Ziegfeld hires Eddie Cantor and the house is packed nightly.

(Continued on Page 26)

Life's Ticket Service

HOW LIFE READERS CAN GET GOOD ORCHESTRA SEATS AT BOX OFFICE PRICES

If you are planning a visit to New York, or if you live in New York, LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office. Help LIFE to drive the Ticket scalper out of business!

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Good seats are available for attractions above indicated by stars and at prices noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE's Office at least seven days before date of performance. Check for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box office on the evening of the performance.

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Dear Life: I want seats for the following:

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No. Seats

Date

Alternates

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Check for \$..... enclosed.

SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

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In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to send two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats asked for. Any excess amount will be refunded.

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Correct for every smart occasion

IT IS TO that certain group of men and women who have a knack of sensing just the right thing in style, that the Dodge Brothers Senior carries its keenest appeal. They seem to know by instinct what is voguish in design, what is good taste in color harmony, what is correct in fine interior decoration. And they show their deepest appreciation for what Dodge Brothers and Chrysler Motors have given them in the Dodge Brothers Senior, by singling it out from the entire fine-car market, as the car they, themselves, may drive with quiet pride on every smart occasion

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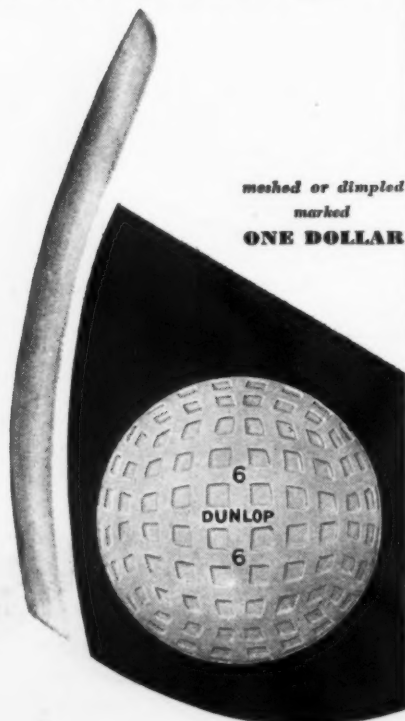


DODGE SENIOR SEDAN (wire wheels extra)



IT COSTS SO LITTLE
MORE TO PLAY THE
BEST

THE IMPORTED "BLACK"
DUNLOP



Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 24)

Movies

BULLDOG DRUMMOND. (TALKIE) *Samuel Goldwyn*—Reviewed in this issue.

THE DESERT SONG. (TALKIE) *Warner Brothers*—Reviewed in this issue.

SHOW BOAT. (TALKIE) *Universal*—Don't believe the ads. It's terrible.

THE RAINBOW MAN. (TALKIE) *Sono-Art*—An entertaining tear-jerker. Frankie Darro gives a fine performance.

COQUETTE. (TALKIE) *United Artists*—Mary Pickford cuts off her curls, puts her rompers in storage and becomes an adult talkie star. You'll probably like her.

THE WILD PARTY. (TALKIE) *Paramount*—Clara Bow talks quite plainly and continues to sell what the public generally seems to consider sex-appeal.

THE SPITE MARRIAGE. (SOUND) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Buster Keaton furnishes some hearty chuckles with the assistance of Dorothy Sebastian and a set of false whiskers.

HEARTS IN DIXIE. (TALKIE) *Fox*—An excellent study of the Southern rural negro. Good singing and a swell comedy performance by Stepin Fetchit.

BROADWAY MELODY. (TALKIE) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Entertaining song-and-dance talkie. A triumph for Bessie Love.

THE IRON MASK. (SOUND) *United Artists*—The sequel to "The Three Musketeers", but not quite as good. Two short talking sequences by Doug Fairbanks for their advertising value.

THE FLYING FLEET. (SOUND) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Ramon Novarro shows how Annapolis graduates become flyers. Exceptional airplane photography.

A WOMAN OF AFFAIRS. (SOUND) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in a slightly purified version of "The Green Hat." Greta is great.

WEARY RIVER. (TALKIE) *First National*—Another crook reforms through the power of music. Richard Barthelmess sings the theme song (or goes through the motions).

THE BARKER. (TALKIE) *First National*—A really good talking picture. Milton Sills supported by lots of sex-appeal. Recommended for adults.

Supper Clubs

*Dressy. C Cover Charge. H Head Waiter.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park Avenue at 51st. Nice quiet place to dance. *C.\$1.50-2.00.

BARNEY'S, 85 West 3rd. A swell place. A swell orchestra. C.\$2.00-3.00. H.Arnold.

CASANOVA, 151 West 54th. Great hang-out. Roof now open. C.\$3.00.

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 West 56th. Olsen is back. C.\$5.00.

CLUB PLAZA, Plaza Hotel. Nice place. Popular at Tea Dances.

LIDO, 7th Ave. at 52nd. Very Park Avenue. *C.\$5.00. H.Cabiati.

MONTMARTE, 205 West 50. Oldest supper club in town and still popular. C.\$3.00. H.Charlie.

MOGADOR, 51st St. East of B'way. Nice place. C.\$3.00.

RENDEZVOUS, Winter Garden Theatre. Clayton, Jackson and Durante, the funniest birds in town. C.\$3.00-4.00. H.Leon.

SEAGLADE, St. Regis Hotel. Vincent Lopez speaking. *C.\$1.50-3.00. H.Charles.

(Continued on Page 30)

France



The smartest resorts in the world...are not the most expensive!

If you're the average man, accustomed to American prices...you're apt to leave the smartest resorts on this side of the Atlantic outside your calculations....But French resorts offer a far more brilliant picture...at prices you can easily afford....Le Touquet...international chic at a beach that owes its reputation to the Prince of Wales....Deauville...where *tout Paris* spends hectic week-ends....Dinard...a lovely curving shoreline for the bather, rocks for the artist, the casino for everybody....the smartest *plage* in Brittany....La Baule...ten miles from St. Nazaire, crowded with gay Parisians who adore the beach, the pine woods, the tennis and the dancing....Biarritz...the sponsor of the sun-tan mode and every important fashion in sports clothes...the starting point for the auto-car service over the *Route des Pyrenees*....Cannes...the southern capital of chic, the centre of smart Riviera life....Monte Carlo...where all the world comes for the ultimate thrill.

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THE modern common sense way—reach for a Lucky instead of a fattening sweet. Everyone is doing it—men keep healthy and fit, women retain a trim figure. Lucky Strike, the finest tobaccos, skilfully blended, then toasted to develop a flavor which is a delightful alternative for that craving for fattening sweets.

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"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

Coast to coast radio hook-up every Saturday night through the National Broadcasting Company's network. The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra in "The Tunes that made Broadway, Broadway."

Helen Morgan
Helen Morgan,
popular actress now
appearing in Ziegfeld's
"Show Boat."



Reach
for a
Lucky
instead
of a
sweet.

Song of the South

I'm glad I'm not in Georgia,
 Now that spring is there;
 I'm thankful that my mammy
 Dwells not in Alabammy,
 Where flooded rivers tear,
 And turbid torrents dash along—
 My gladness bubbles into song:
 Roll on, Tallapoosa,
 Tombigbee and Coosa,
 Be floody
 And muddy
 While having your fling,
 For well-behaved rivers
 With dull, torpid livers
 Are quite out of place when the sea-
 son is spring!
 O noble Ocmulgee,
 Your banks may be bulgy,
 As splashing
 And dashing
 Your leap from your bed,
 The gentle Oconee
 Is somewhat more tony,
 But equally joyous when winter is
 dead.
 Fair streams of the southland, play
 boisterous games,
 And try to live up to your glorious
 names!

—Stoddard King in the
Spokane Spokesman-Review.



DISSATISFIED LADY (to dog dealer):
 And this is what you said would grow
 into a magnificent Russian wolf
 hound!
 —Passing Show.

TEACHER: And now, Willie can
 you give us a sentence with "hetero-
 doxology" in it?

LITTLE WILLIE (aged six): No.
 —Yale Record.

Even the deaf can enjoy the talking
 movies; perhaps even more so.
 —London Opinion.

COLLEGE BOY ON WITNESS STAND:
 And then the truck bumped the fender
 on my car.

ATTORNEY: Which fender?

WITNESS: The fender.

—Wisconsin Octopus.

"Would you kiss me if I were under
 the mistletoe?"

"Girl, I'd kiss you if you were under
 quarantine."
 —Owl.

What the world needs is an alarm
 clock that can be set on Saturday night
 to ring Monday morning.

—Tom Sims Kay Features.



UNCERTAIN GOLFER (preparing to drive): Now, boy, pay attention! Watch!
 CADDIE: All right, sir, I'm watching.

—Humorist.

*Use terrace in a Life.
Terrace down to the corner
into a pack of cigars*

Diced potatoes for salads are now being put up by a Maine canner. In fact, all the essentials for a picnic are now put up in cans except ants.

—Detroit News.

In a Pinch use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Nurse was bringing little Barbara home from a party and took her hand to help her up a high curbstone.

"Good gracious," she cried, "how sticky your hands are!"

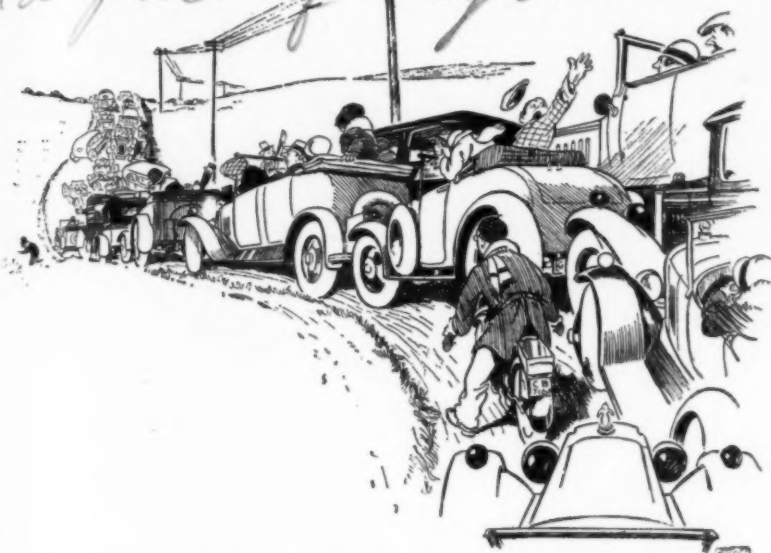
"So would yours be," replied Barbara, "if you had two meringues and a chocolate éclair in your pocket."

—Tit-Bits.

No tonic better than Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

The writer of an article on aviation declares that man can now do anything a bird does. Except, of course, that he has not yet mastered the art of sitting comfortable on a barbed-wire fence.

—Humorist.



Mrs. Smith stops to pick a wild flower.

—Punch (by permission).

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***The Disease-of-Neglect Ignores Teeth,
Attacks Gums—and Health is Sacrificed**

As your dentist will tell you, the daily brushing of teeth is not enough. For there's a grim foe that ignores the teeth, even the whitest teeth, and launches a severe attack on neglected gums. It ravages health. It often causes teeth to loosen in their sockets and fall out. And it takes as its victims 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger. It is Pyorrhea.

Don't let white teeth deceive you into thinking that all is well. Provide protection now. It is easier than relief. For when diseases of the gums are once contracted only expert dental treatment can stem their advance.

Have your dentist examine teeth and gums thoroughly at least once every six months. And when you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously.

For additional prophylaxis use the dentifrice made for the teeth and gums as well . . . Forhan's for the Gums.

Once you start using Forhan's regularly, morning and night, you'll quickly note a distinct improvement in the condition of your gums. They'll look sounder, pinker. They'll feel firmer.

As you know, Pyorrhea and other diseases seldom attack healthy gums.

In addition, the way Forhan's cleans teeth and safeguards them from decay will delight you.

Don't wait until too late. To insure the coming years against disease, start using Forhan's regularly. Get a tube from your druggist. Two sizes, 35c and 60c.

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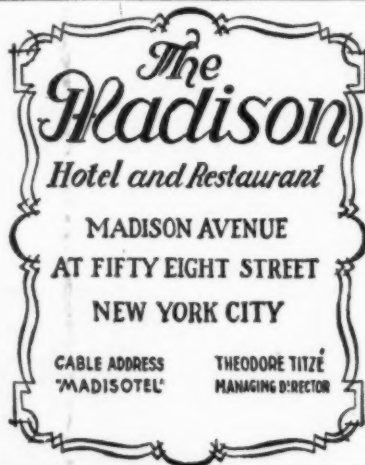
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Name _____ Address _____

Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 26)

Dance Numbers

(Sheet Music)

"Moanin' Low" (Little Show)
"Caught in The Rain" (Little Show)
"A Hut in Hoboken" (Little Show)
"Song in My Heart" (Spring is Here)
"Yours Sincerely" (Spring is Here)
"Feeling I'm Falling" (No show)
"Your Love Is All That I Crave" (Messin' Around)
"Messin' Around" (Messin' Around)
"Button Up Your Overcoat" (Follow Thru)

Records

PRETTY LITTLE THING—(2) THIS IS HEAVEN (Columbia)
All vocal, Charles Hamp singing.
(1) Light fox-trot. (2) Sentimental ballad, not strict tempo.
FREEZE AND MELT—(2) MISSISSIPPI MOAN (Columbia)
(1) Fast syncopation. (2) Slow moaning trumpet blues.
AFTER THINKING IT OVER—(2) PAL OF MY DREAMS (Columbia)
Soft dreamy fox-trots, with vocal choruses.
LADY OF THE MORNING—(2) PERFUME OF ROSES (Columbia)
Includes one accordion, one guitar, two grand tunes, and vocal interludes.
IT AIN'T NO FAULT OF MINE—(2) I GOT A "CODE" IN MY "DOZE" (Columbia)
Crazy Comedy.

LIFE's Fresh Air Fund for 1928

Supplementing the statement in LIFE for December 28, two more contributions came after that number went to press:

"Maxwell," Scotland63
Wm. C. Hunneman, Boston... 5.00 \$5.63
making a grand total for the year of \$39,855.02, from 2098 contributors. Some \$280 of this was specifically given for building a fireplace in the Recreation Hall at the Girls' Camp. Some more of it is to be used in erecting some log huts for the coming season at the Boys' Camp, besides other repairs, and so on. But we had the satisfaction of knowing that a goodly part of this money showed in the healthier, happier, heavier youngsters that formed our home-going parties through the summer.

For a Bridal Gown

An earnest contributor to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, donated in lieu of money, some beautiful old Dutchess lace, cream color—nearly 2¾ yards long and 22 inches deep. It is in fair condition and would make charming trimming for a wedding gown. It has been appraised as being worth \$75. In accordance with the wishes of the donor, this is to be sold for the benefit of the LIFE Fresh Air Fund and we offer it for sale for \$50. Naturally, the whole sum will go to the treasury of LIFE's Fresh Air Fund—address: 598 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from Page 18)



THINK TWICE

BETWEEN the first puff of the morning and the last one at night, there's plenty of time for a second thought. Smoking can be ever so much more delightful if Squibb's Dental Cream is there to help you.

For, no matter how often you smoke, there's always new zest waiting, if you brush your teeth with Squibb's.

Start one of your smoking days with Squibb's. All day long, you'll notice a brisker, snappier smoke appetite. 'Cause the particles of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia that cling to the gums and tooth crevices refresh and protect your mouth.

40c a generous tube at all drug stores.

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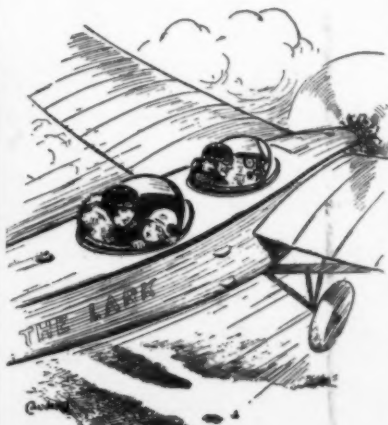


GUARD THE DANGER LINE

slightest exhibition of strength on her opponents' part causes her pugnaciously to double them, a system of procedure which contributes naught to either the solvency or longevity of her partners. So we did talk of this and that, and Laura told me how a Mistress Ogilvie of her village, confronted in the night by a burglar who demanded that she quit her bed and open the wall-safe, had successfully insisted on his fetching her negligee from an unreachable chaise longue before she would oblige him. Jane O'Brien of Buffalo for tea, my own brightened and enriched by the three saltines which I saved and secreted from my luncheon quota, and we did plan songs for our class reunion in June, singing over some of the old tunes with such abandon that Katie was drawn unduly from her kitchen, and we did agree that the one to the "Barcarolle" which has stood us in such stead for years and goes

*"Here we come,
Decrepit alum—
Nae, all on the bum, you see;
Limping some and toothless of
gum,*

We're not what we used to be..." might be too near the truth this time to awaken the mirth it caused when we were but one-year fledglings, albeit I do feel that shingled hair and shorter, simpler fashions have done much to save women from the appearance of the archaic classes to which they may actually belong. This night Sam and I did spend with our books, he reading "The Pathway" and now and then bedeviling me with such suggestions of Mr. Williamson's as how the Bible could stress the divinity of Christ's birth and also refer to His royal lineage from David through Joseph. And so, weary from mental strain, to bed



Kid: I want a drink!

★ Golfers!

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85¢

*10 a dozen

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several bedrooms, two baths—or a simple bungalow to use as a shooting lodge—you're sure to find a plan in the Hodgson booklet that realizes your mental picture. And whenever you want, you can quickly enlarge your house without spoiling the plan.

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Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Movies

(Continued from Page 23)

cretas will have to decide whether the plot or the music is to be made incidental, and we hope that they may not find it advisable to sacrifice the scope and mobility offered by the movies for the sake of creating an artificial atmosphere to suit the music.

The performance of John Boles as the romantic *Red Shadow* is the outstanding feature of "The Desert Song." This handsome young Texan who was formerly Geraldine Farrar's leading man in light opera, has an enjoyable voice and an engaging screen personality. We do wish, however, that the director could have devised a more convincing method for Mr. Boles to make the costume changes necessary in his dual rôle. He poses as a weak-minded, stammering boy, whereas he is, in reality, the *Red Shadow*, fearless leader of a little band of Arab outlaws. In shifting from one character to the other, Mr. Boles is forced to sneak off stage several times and slip on the Arab disguise. This bit of business is reminiscent of the quick-change artist who used to play Uncle Tom's Cabin singlehanded with the aid of a couple of screens . . . and the last time Mr. Boles makes his exit there is a noticeable titter.

Carlotta King, who plays opposite the star, sings well enough, but her enunciation is very poor, making it impossible to follow those parts of the plot that her songs are supposed to explain.

Myrna Loy deserves commendation for her work in the difficult part of the Arab girl, *Azuri*. The comedy relief is poorly handled by Louise Fazenda and Johnny Arthur. Miss Fazenda is not up to her usual form, and Mr. Arthur is terrible.

"The Desert Song" is not consistently entertaining, but it is certainly a commendable maiden effort in a new field, and we felt repaid for the time spent when Mr. Boles sang "One Alone" and "The Desert Song."

\$1,000.00 PRIZE CONTEST

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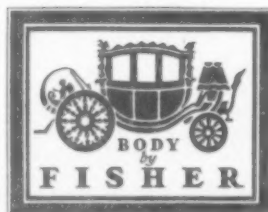
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No specialist or expert or salesman is needed to point out Fisher Body superiority—the greater richness and beauty and quality stand out so sharply and convincingly that all argument is ended. ¶ This is one of the most important facts in motor car buying today because it has to do with value—with what you get for

the purchase price. ¶ You are bound to admit at once in your own mind—that in solidity of construction, in paneling, in the quality of the upholstery, in the hardware, in the interior fittings, in the clarity of the genuine plate glass, and in the substantially constructed roof—the Fisher Body car is

worth several hundred dollars more. ¶ Keep this contrast—these points of superiority—in mind. Consider the many hours you spend in your car and how much of your ease and comfort and satisfaction and pride depends upon the body of your car—and you can come to only one conclusion.

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